

Kilo-Alpha-Peter-Peter-Alpha: Mark 1

by T-28

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Summary: I cannot remember much. If I think hard enough, little things come to mind. However, they generate more questions than answers. What is a 'Panzerkampfwagen VI? What was the 'Soviet Union? What is the 'USS Essex? And most importantly, why are my memories on this all locked up?

1. Alpha 1: MS-1

****Alpha 1: MS-1/T-18****

I woke up suddenly. Vision hazy; memories hazy; thoughts hazy; hearing hazy. It was as if I was in a physical and mental fog.

I laid there on the ground for about a minute, gathering up my thoughts and memories. Questions buzzed through my head, as if I was some sort of bee hive.

Where was I? Why am I here?

My vision restored itself slowly. After most of it cleared, I could finally see.

Blue. Blue and white was what I saw.

A large blue canvas was above me. Puffs of white covered it.

It took me a few seconds to kick myself mentally. That was not a canvas, that was the _sky_. The puffs of white were clouds.

I looked down at what I wore. I had on a green-camo patterned shirt and skirt. Over my shirt was a relatively stiff dark green vest. I was wearing hiking boots.

On top of my head was a flat-topped helmet. I felt my hair and pulled up a lock of it to my face. It was a dark green color that lightened

slightly when it got to the end.

I don't ever remember sleeping here, on the grass.

Wait... I don't remember anything at all...

The most important question right now: Who am I?

I heard a rustling behind me. With extremely quick reflexes, I grabbed a knife that was somehow conveniently placed on my vest, quickly stood up, and pointed it in the direction of the rustling. Instantly, I felt lightheaded. My vision went black for a second as I stumbled around, dizzy, before slamming into a tree. I collapsed in front of the tree, my consciousness fading.

Before my mind went blank, my clumsiness reminded me of the noob MS-1 tankers that would always drive off the bridges into rivers.

Wait, what is a noob?

And what... is an... MS...1...?

2. Bravo 1: BT-2

****Bravo 1: Bystrokhodny Tank 2/BT-2****

I awoke with a throbbing headache. Opening my eyes, I was met with a relatively bright light.

I closed my eyes instinctively. Opening them slowly again, my eyes adjusted to the brightness.

I was in a room. A simple one, if anything. The floor was made of stone tiles, the roof had a build of stone and wood, and the walls were built of some kind of plaster.

In the middle was a low, simple wooden table. There were two windows on both sides of the room. There were two doors adjacent to the windows, both doors opposite of each other. Noticing where I was, I noticed I happened to be lying down on a couch.

I got off the couch and tried to stand up. I stood shakily on my legs, grabbing ahold of the table to prevent myself from falling down.

Eventually, I gave up and sat back down on the couch to catch my breath.

Someone else entered the room. I turned my head towards them.

There was a young girl. She was wearing a blue skirt, a blue shirt with a key on it, a green hat, and her blue hair was done in twintails. She also happened to wear blue boots. Over her back was a green backpack.

Goodness, did she like the color blue or something? Maybe an addiction to that particular color?

No, the addiction part probably wasn't the case. If it was, the

entire house would be blue. She probably has blue clothes to camouflage into a specific environment, however there are no environments I could see out the window that contained the color blue, so that must mean-

I stopped my mind before it went on like an unstoppable train. What has happening to my mind? Why am I thinking like some sort of war strategist?

The blue-clad girl walked up to me, placed her backpack on the table, and waved a hand in front of my face.

"Hello?" she asked. "Are you sleeping with your eyes open?"

I quickly snapped out of my thoughts. I was about to say something to her, but then I started coughing.

She ushered me to lie down. "You still need to recover. Here, let me get you some water."

She handed me a cup of water and I drank it all down. After I tested my vocal cords, I managed to let out a raspy, "Thanks for the help... Nitori."

Nitori looked at me, confused. "How do you know my name? I never told you it."

I was confused, too. It just somehow rolled off my tongue. I scanned my brain for information. According to the information that somehow got into my brain, her full name is Nitori Kawashiro, a kappa that lives on Youkai Mountain.

I decided to answer truthfully. "I honestly... don't know."

Nitori decided not to ask any further. She then asked me, "What is your name? You haven't yet introduced yourself to me."

Now that I thought about it, I don't have a name.

I don't have a name.

Wow. I must've forgotten more than I thought.

As if on cue, a name just popped into my head.

Fleety.

Was that my real name? Did I just temporary forget for a second, only to remember it again?

Whatever. I decided to use that name.

"My name is Fleety."

Nitori smiled. "Nice to meet you, Fleety." She looked at a clock on the wall. It read in a language I could not understand.

"I need to go later. Please get some rest. Your body still need to recover."

She picked up the backpack she left on the table, but before she left I asked, "Where is my vest?"

"It's beside the sofa," she replied. "I couldn't fold it properly; the material making it up is lightweight but too rigid."

She walked to the front door, turned her head back, and said, "I'll see you later." She then opened the door and exited through it.

I grabbed my vest beside the sofa and shuffled through the various pockets on it. I found a combat knife, an empty water bottle, a small monocular, pencil and paper, and a strange little red plastic/metal contraption.

The combat knife could be used as self defense. I can always refill the water bottle. The monocular is just a one-lens binocular. But I held the small plastic-and-metal device in my hands. On it was a white cross.

After playing around with it, I realized it was some sort of multipurpose knife contraption. It did not just include knives, but can openers, scissors, hooks, a flashlight, and a variety of other tools.

I stashed that one away. No doubt it would be extremely versatile.

I looked at the paper and pencil I placed on the table.

Maybe I can draw to pass a bit of the time? To help lull myself to sleep?

I grabbed my pencil and paper and started drawing quickly on it. Just a small sketch, that's all.

What I drew was a vehicle. And not just any ordinary vehicle, a tank.

But why a tank, of all things?

Since it was a 2D Blueprint-like drawing, it showed the vehicle in great detail. The tank was relatively short, the turret was near the front, the treads were linked together, and the main gun was a machine gun.

I could immediately recognize it as a BT-2 Assault Tank.

...

How did I know? How did I draw it? How do I know its name but nothing else?

Thinking was giving me another headache. I laid down on the couch, and quickly fell asleep.

3. Charlie 1: StuG III

****Charlie 1:****Sturmgeschütz III/StuG III****

When I woke up again, it was already nighttime, from what I saw

outside the window. Feeling refreshed and a lot better than before, I got off the couch.

There was a small, dim light on the ceiling. A round object with a bit of glowing wire in it produced the light.

Looking at it, I could tell it was an electric light. There seemed to be no wires attached to it; what possibly could've powered it was beyond me.

I put on my vest and put all my items in my various pockets. I decided to explore the outside a bit; get a little familiar with the environment.

I walked to one of the doors in the room and opened it. Peering out of the door, I saw it led outside.

I stepped out and closed the door behind me. I heard the creaks of the grasshoppers, I saw the beautiful starry-night sky, and I smelled the pristine air.

This was practically a paradise.

I followed a trail that went through the forest. I could see fireflies glowing lightly through the trees. My feet crunched upon the gravel on the trail.

I heard the rustling of leaves. Feeling a sense of DÃ©jÃ vu, I whipped out my combat knife, flicked out my multipurpose combat knife, turned the flashlight on it, and pointed it at the source of the rustle.

What I saw was nothing short of fascinating, horrifying, or both. A large, dark sphere of... _nothing..._ was right there.

Despite the fact it was night, there could be a little light seen from various small light sources.

However, this sphere of darkness absorbed all the light around it.

I stood there, frozen. I was petrified; I couldn't move.

I finally managed to snap out of it and dodge out of the way right before the ball of darkness jumped at me.

In a strangely sweet, childish voice, the 'darkness' spoke, "Oh, I'm a little hungry right now. Don't deny me the right to eat~"

That only terrified me even more. I started running.

The sphere of light flew alongside me. Instinctively, I threw my combat knife to the middle of the sphere.

"_Ow!_" I heard from the sphere. "You dare attack me?"

I kept running. My vision suddenly went black before I felt myself knocked over and pinned to the ground.

"Running away from me. Is that so~?"

I was breathing heavily. Fear clouded my mind.

"This is going to be quite the meal~" the figure above me spoke. It remained silent for a moment.

"Wait, you don't smell of human..."

I couldn't even speak. In truth, I was a little shocked. Not human? Me?

"Oh, well. A little taste test won't hurt."

Immediately after, I felt sharp teeth sink into my arm. I screamed out in pain.

The sharp teeth around my arm left.

"You certainly don't taste like human."

Somehow, that worried me more than reassured me.

The 'darkness' around me disappears to reveal the more comforting night. Looking up, I saw a person.

A young girl, looking around ten years old, wore a white shirt with a vest over it. On her shirt was a tie. She wore a black skirt, too. In her long, blonde hair was a red ribbon.

The unsettling thing about her was the blood around her mouth.

"I don't recognize you," she continued. "Are you new around here?"

I nodded _yes_; my voice still has not come back.

"My name is Rumia," she introduced. "What's your name?"

"...Fleety," I managed to speak. "...why'd you eat humans?"

Rumia laughed. "That's the most rhetorical question I've heard in a long time!"

"Rhetorical question?" I asked. "I mean it, why do you eat humans?"

"Either you are a non-human outsider, you have hit your head somewhere, or lived under a rock," Rumia responded. "I'm a youkai! I eat humans to survive!"

It took me a moment to fit the pieces together.

That must mean that... she wasn't human.

We were silent for a few seconds, before something popped into my mind.

"You remind me of a tank destroyer," I spoke simply.

Rumia looked at me, confused. "A tank destroyer? What is that?"

The next part I spoke instinctively. "A tank destroyer is an armored

vehicle. Generally unarmored and weak against other weapons."

Rumia bristled a bit hearing 'weak' and 'unarmored'.

"...however, tank destroyers have superior firepower. Able to take down opponents from a distance, they are the best at ambushes, sniping, and second-line attackers."

Rumia thought about it for a bit. "...It sounds interesting."

"And, if anything, you're like a StuG III tank destroyer; a formidable opponent, capable of taking down tough targets with strategy."

I swear I could've heard her ego swell tenfold when I spoke that sentence.

Before I could say anything else, she looked to the forest and said, "Well, I'll be off to hunting any unsuspecting outsiders. See you later!"

And with that, the ball of darkness around her appeared again before she flew off.

I sighed. Well, I was in a near-death encounter.

And where did that thing about tank destroyers come from? It was as if I couldn't stop myself with that lecture.

About three seconds later, she returned.

"By the way, you forgot this," she spoke to me.

And pulled a knife out of her head.

...pulled a knife out of her head.

She handed the knife to me.

"It's the one you threw at me. Well, bye now!"

She flew off again.

I stared at the knife in my hand, trying to comprehend what I just saw.

This place makes as much sense as something that doesn't make sense.

I also noticed my arm's condition. Rumia's teeth left a bite mark on my upper arm.

I probably didn't feel it earlier because of my adrenaline rush, but now it was starting to hurt _a lot_.

I walked the rest of the way to Nitori's house. By the time I got there, the sun was starting to rise.

I opened the door to the house.

And Nitori was standing right there.

She took one look at me, and her face paled.

She rushed over to me. "Are you okay?" She asked frantically. "What happened to you?"

"Rumia happened," I simply responded. "She stopped trying to eat me when she said that I 'did not taste like human'."

"We need to get you help immediately!" Nitori exclaimed.

I waved it off. "Don't bother, it doesn't hurt that much," I lied.

"Nonsense! Stay here, okay? I'll grab the bandages."

I sat down on a chair as she rushed into another room.

She ran back, holding a first aid kit.

"Look, I don't need any help," I said again.

"Look, I won't put up with that," She responded, whipping out a needle.

Before I could respond, she plunged the needle in my wound.

I fell unconscious immediately.

4. Delta 1: T7 Car

****Delta 1: T7 Combat Car/T7 Car****

I woke up groggily. Wiping my eyes, I could see it was midday.

I looked down at the arm Rumia bit. It was covered in white bandages.

Getting off the couch, I looked upon the table that was in front of me.

It was an open piece of paper. Picking it up, I began reading it.

* * *

><p>Sorry for knocking you out. I accidentally used the Human Anesthetic, which is much stronger than Kappa Anesthetic. I meant only to numb your arm.

That also confirms my theory. You're another Kappa, just like us. Though, I suggest you loose the green outfit; it's hard to blend into water with green clothes, unless you plan to live around the water lilies.

You can wander around the Surface Kappa Village, but please do not leave the premises. I don't want another Youkai to try to eat you again.

Also, don't stress your arm too much. You might reopen your wounds.

~Nitori

* * *

><p>I would be angry with Nitori for knocking me out with the drug, but seeing as she apologized, and it wasn't intentional, I guess I could forgive her.<p>

Placing the note back on the table, I headed for the door. Making sure I had all my items, I pushed the door open and went outside.

I looked to the right to see a group of buildings, all either made of stone, metal, or polished wood.

I guess that was the village.

Walking towards it, I met many other people. Not just other Kappa, but a few Humans and Youkai, too.

This one youkai was pulling a metal wagon. She was struggling with it, and when she managed to give one final heave to pull it, the wheel hit a rock and most of its contents spilled out.

"Oh, darn this thing!" She yelled, looking at the items that were spilled out.

"Here, let me help," I spoke. I picked up a few of the items and placed them in the cart.

She looked at me gratefully. "Thank you."

I noticed the objects that fell out of the metal wagon looked familiar. Pipes, wires, and tubes.

"What are these for?" I asked.

"Oh. These are for my store at the Village," she replied.

I looked at her. Red eyes, red hair, Victorian-era dress.

"Nice to meet you," I said. "My name's Fleety."

She smiled at me. "My name's Mercy."

Looking at a watch on her arm, she spoke, "Well, I'll need to go right now. Bye."

I waved goodbye to her as she left.

I turned back to the Kappa village. Walking into the streets, I saw a variety of shops and buildings.

I decided to browse one. I headed for the nearest store.

All I needed was one look to confirm it was an Electronics store. An assortment of light bulbs, wires, and pipes were on store shelves. The place was dimly lit by a few florescent lights, and judging by

the amount of dust in the place, not to mention it's not so tip-top condition, I could tell business was slow here.

I walked up to where the counter was. There was a person resting their head on the counter, snoring softly. They had long, dark blue hair in an asymmetric cut, and wore a light blue hat.

They appeared to be asleep.

"Excuse me? Um, wake up please?" I asked politely.

The person slowly woke up.

"Huh...? Wha...? No, not sleeping on the job... Just... just taking a little break..."

"Excuse me?" I asked a little more forcefully.

"Nah... just leave the payment on the table..."

I've had enough of it. Picking her up by the head, I slapped her silly.

"Nah... thanks for the massage..." she snored.

Sheesh. Sleep much?

I spotted a bucket of water nearby and a mop.

Maybe if I...?

Placing her back on the counter, I picked up the mop, dunked it in the water, and placed the wet mop head on her hat.

"The store is flooding!" I yelled.

That woke her up immediately. She stood up, blinded by the mop on her head, and flailed about.

"Agh, I'm downing, I'm drowning!" she yelled, before she smashed into a shelf and fell down.

It didn't end there, though. Right after she took the mop off her head, a series of items started falling from the shelf onto her head.

First, a crowbar. Then a metal pipe. Then a large wheel. And finally, to top it off, a large, heavy weight fell.

I almost expected a tall bump to rise from the area the objects fell on her head.

"Owww..." she said, rubbing the spot where all the objects fell.

"What was that for?"

"I was just trying to wake you up," I said simply.

She got off the floor. "Wait, I don't recognize you. Are you new around here?"

I shrugged. "You can say that. Though, I didn't exactly move, I just woke up here with no memories."

She placed a hand to her chin. "Hm, waking up with no memories? It sounds like the work of a few particular persons I might know..."

I perked up hearing that. "A few particular persons? Who?"

She waved her hand at me. "No need to worry you now. Just enjoy Gensoukyou's sights and don't get killed."

Alright, so I can't get any information from her. Oh well. However, right before I turned to leave the store, she said, "Oh, how rude of me not to introduce myself. My name's Kikai Kougaku-Shi, but I normally go by Kikai. What's yours?"

I replied, "Fleety. My name is Fleety."

Suddenly, something on one of the shelves caught my eye. I turned my eyes toward it to examine it.

"An engine?" I asked, pointing to it. It was a cylinder on a metal stand, with a few pipes sticking out of it. It was roughly half a meter long, about one third of a meter high, and the same length in width.

"Yes, that's an engine," Kikai replied. "A fuel powered one. It uses Kappane-Brand Fuel. A small, yet powerful engine. Efficient, too."

Kikai placed her elbows on the table and rested her head on her hands. "No one ever bought it, though. Most of the kappa think _'Bigger is Better'_, so they always buy the large, more powerful and less efficient Kappane-guzzling engines."

I looked at the engine thoughtfully. "It reminds me of the T7 Combat Car. A fast, reliable armored vehicle. However, its weak armament made it rejected for mass production."

"T7 Combat Car? Is that a new weapon or something developed by other Kappa?"

"Well, it just popped into mind. By the way, how much is the engine worth?"

"I normally sell it for 2000 yen, so I can try to get rid of it..."

2000 yen?! That is cheap for an engine!

"...however, for first-time buyers here, I would normally take 75% off their first purchase."

That meant that if I bought from here, this engine would be 500 yen!

I asked, "How powerful is this engine?"

"Hm," she thought. "I don't know, exactly. Though, it is capable of carrying an eight of this store's merchandise up from a

crane."

Quite the strong engine.

"One more thing." I asked. "How do you know if someone has bought at this store before?"

"Hm?" she asked. "Oh, for the 75% off first purchase thing? To put it simply, I can remember anyone and everyone."

Wait, what?

"I know you're confused. Basically, once I meet someone and know their name, I would recognize them instantly, no matter how long ago," she said. "There are even cases where I don't remember where or when I met them, but I remember them."

I nodded. Alright, that was understandable.

I then noticed the time. Have I seriously been here this long? It's almost evening.

"I have to go now," I said. "I stay at Nitori's place."

Kikai waved me goodbye. "Well, I'll see you later."

I walked out of the store. Now that it was evening, there wasn't as much activity in the village.

Walking up to Nitori's front door, I knocked on it.

When the door opened, it revealed a soot-covered, grimy Nitori.

"D-don't mind the messr," she said, opening the door completely.

I walked in. For lack of a better term, the room was... a mess. Bits of oil covered the wall, ashes were scattered on the ground, and the smell of something burnt was in the air.

"What happened here?" I asked Nitori.

"One of the machines in my workshop kinda... broke," she said sheepishly.

"Kinda broke?" I asked. "It looks like something exploded in here."

I noticed a trail of smoke coming from a particular room in the house.

"Is that your workshop?" I asked, pointing at a closed door with smoke leaking out of the edges.

"Don't go in that room!" she exclaimed, holding me back by the arm.

"Why not?" I asked. "It's not like something can kill me that easily."

I managed to get out of her grip and opened the door to that room.

The first thing that hit me was the _smell_. It smelled like a combination of burnt rubber, gasoline, metal, and sawdust.

On one particular bench in the room sat a smoking engine. It was still running.

"Is that what you're talking about? It's not so dangerous," I said.

As if on cue, one of the gears on the engine broke off and flew at my direction. I barely managed to duck before it embedded into the wall.

"_That's_ why," Nitori pointed out. "It's falling apart before our eyes."

I picked up a metal sheet on the ground. "I'll march towards it with this shield, and once we get there we'll shut it off."

Nitori shook her head. "No, no, no. That's too dangerous."

"Too dangerous?" I asked. "Well, someone has to do it."

I held up the metal plate and we both marched towards the malfunctioning engine.

A nut from the engine ricocheted harmlessly off the metal plate.

After we managed to get to the engine, Nitori started whacking it with a wrench she picked off the ground.

"Stop hitting it," I commanded. "I think I know how to fix it."

Opening the hatch of the engine, I was met with two wires.

A blue wire and a red wire.

Oh, not _this_ movie cliché.

I pulled both wires out of their sockets.

The engine stopped completely.

And it exploded.

Pieces of it flew everywhere.

If it wasn't for that metal shield, I probably would have pretty bad burns and bruises.

Nitori and I jumped down. We waited until the rain of metal parts stopped.

When we got up, we surveyed the damage. Small fires smoldered in the workshop. There were metal parts everywhere.

"Sorry about the engine," I said.

"It's alright," Nitori replied. "It didn't work that well before."

After we cleaned up the mess in the workshop, we ate a dinner of rice and cucumbers.

"Nitori," I asked. "Is there any jobs that they offer in the Kappa village?"

Nitori swallowed her rice and replied, "I think so. I recall seeing that none of the Kappa want to fill in the empty spot for the delivery service to the Tengu village. It pays 4000 yen per trip."

4000 yen? I calculated that in my head. That was okay, for a delivery service, I guess.

"I guess I'll take that trip, then." I replied. "Tomorrow, though."

Nitori nodded. After dinner, Nitori went to her room, and I laid down on the couch.

Today was a nice day. At least no one tried to eat me.

I slowly fell asleep. Hm, I wonder why the delivery service to the Tengu's village wasn't being occupied.

I finally fell into slumber.

* * *

><p>AN:_

1. Trying to add in as few OCs as I can. Mercy and Kikai will be the only other OCs I have in the story.

2. I use yen as the currency in the story, as Gensoukyou is technically located in Japan.

_3. __Kikai Kougaku-Shi means Mechanical Engineer in Japanese, according to Google Translate._

5. Echo 1: KIA

****Echo 1: KIA/Killed in Action****

I was in a trench. I looked up ahead.

In front of me was a brown, barren land. Fires burned at various places. There was barbed wire along the trenches.

Several large metal hulks were around the area. A few were moving around, while others were burning and standing still.

A man stood next to me. He was wearing a brown uniform, and had some

sort of weird pole over his shoulder.

"Don't jus' stand 'ere, shoot 'em!" he yelled at me.

"W-what do you mean? I don't even have a weapon!" I replied.

"Yes ya do! Yer holdin' it right now!"

I looked down. There, in my arms, was a metal pole, the same one the other person was holding.

"How do I even use this?!"

"Ye kidding me, right?" he asked again. "Ya just-"

That man never completed his sentence. An orange streak of light flew towards the trench, and hit him in the head.

His head disappeared in a spray of red mist. The body fell to the ground.

Instinctively, I looked away.

And saw a bunch of other bright streaks, of the same color, headed for me.

I yelped and then ducked down. I heard a few pings right above me.

I looked out of the trench. I heard an especially loud ping as a bullet ricocheted off my helmet.

"Ack!" I exclaimed as I jumped to the bottom of the trench again.

I decided it would be safer to just stay in the trench. I grabbed the metal pole and began fiddling with it.

As a Kappa, I was able to figure out how it worked. A small metal protrusion on one end opened it up to load in a small cylinder, and on the bottom was a switch that sent the metal tube flying at high speeds.

If anything, this was designed to kill. The cylinder at one end was spiked, probably designed to pierce skin.

I then heard the drumming of footsteps. Peeking out of the trench, I saw a group of men in gray uniform headed for the trench I was in.

They were charging straight at me.

I aimed and fired five shots from the metal tube. Three of the five hit. The three that were hit fell down.

I fired three more shots, bringing down two more.

The last one charged at me. I held up the tube to block as he held a tube similar to mine, except it had a knife placed at the end.

After blocking that attack, I jabbed the end of the tube in his

stomach and pulled the trigger.

Nothing happened. All I heard was a faint click.

When I was distracted, I did not notice the gray-uniformed soldier swing his weapon at me.

I suddenly felt a pain on the side of my body.

The knife had pierced my skin. Blood was pouring out.

I felt something else in my pocket. Pulling it out, I saw it was a smaller metal-tube like object with a trigger on it.

Assuming I knew what it did, I aimed at the gray uniformed soldier and fired.

Blood sprayed out. That soldier fell down.

I collapsed from the pain, too.

The soldier I shot stood up again, aimed a metal tube of his at my face, said something maliciously, in a language I did not know, and pulled the trigger.

I saw lots of red. And yellow.

And then black.

End
file.